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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, PUBLISHER, 346 & 348 BROADWAY.—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. VI.—NO. 2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 262.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In declining communications which are sent us for publication, we wish it understood by our friends that it by no means follows that we consider them lacking in either scholarship or interest. We are obliged to let other considerations have weight with us in our decisions—the amount of matter pressing upon us; the room at our disposal; the comparative interest to the public of the subject treated; and whether the same ground has not already been gone over with equal ability by some other writer. We feel bound, in all cases, to serve the public with new truths, and views, and phases of the phenomena, rather than with a re-hash or re-duplication of familiar things.

WILLIAM.—I know of no other way of learning whether the Spirits of our friends hover round and influence us, than to form the conditions necessary for them to make their presence tangible to our natural senses. In order to form such conditions for myself, I have found it necessary to be with those persons who are called mediums. Persons have often been unexpectedly developed as mediums after sitting in harmonious circles a few times, say one hour's duration at each session. I can not inform you of the name and residence of any medium, either in Pittsburgh or Birmingham.

W. P. G.—Is informed that we have heard of Spirits manifesting their presence and affections to their friends on earth in various ways, some of which are analogous to, but not precisely like, the phenomena of which his physical organism is made the instrument.

H. W. P.—Your suggestion is most kindly received; and we have for some time past felt its force.

W. D.—We appreciate the kind expression of your approbation of our efforts and contributions for the dissemination of the heavenly truths vouchsafed to mortals, and the valuable services you have rendered in extending the circulation and usefulness of the TELEGRAPH. We shall strive to merit, in some degree, the fulfillment of your sanguine expectations.

J. H. D. INDIANA.—We are pleased and encouraged by your information that Spiritualism is rapidly increasing in your town and vicinity. We will send you, in a few days, "Nature's Divine Revelations," for the perusal of your Presbyterian clergyman, and I trust he will be much interested and edified.

M. L. H.—Expresses himself as follows: "You will please accept the within \$2, for another year's subscription to the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. As I am one of the early seekers of spiritual unfoldings, I can not and will not relinquish my seat at the spiritual feast. By so doing, I should famish by the way. The TELEGRAPH is as necessary for my moral and spiritual digestive organs as gross food is for my physical stomach and body. Spiritualism has become the great absorbing subject of the age; and it is fraught with incalculable blessings, showered down as the gentle dews of heaven for suffering and bleeding humanity. God speed the cause! and for your self-sacrificing efforts with others, a crown of angelic flowers, bedecked with glittering diamonds, awaits

your reception in the world of bliss, when you will be cheered by the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Welcome to our blissful abode."

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

New Depot for Spiritual Publications.
Mr. S. T. Munson, who for some two years has been the literary superintendent and office editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, has made arrangements to open a depot for all Spiritualist publications, including weekly and monthly periodicals and books, at No. 5 Great Jones-street, two doors east of 682 Broadway, and near the La Farge Hotel. His establishment will form a convenient rendezvous for Spiritualists in the upper part of the city, where they may resort for information respecting all matters pertaining to the spiritual movement, and to provide themselves with such spiritualistic publications as they may desire.

Mr. Munson enjoys the entire confidence of that portion of the Spiritualist community with which he is intimate, and we cordially commend his establishment to the general patronage of our friends.

The Davenport's Journeying Eastward.

The Davenport mediums, through whom were lately given the astonishing manifestations in Cleveland, and in other places at the West, are journeying eastward, stopping in different places on their route where their services seem to be required. They propose shortly to visit this city. They are probably at Rochester at the time of the present writing, where those desiring their visits may address IRA DAVENPORT.

Mrs. Coan's Test Manifestations.

Mrs. Coan will hold meetings for rapping and writing test manifestations as follows: In Oswego City, N. Y., May 3; Preble, 4; Homer, 5; Cortland, 6; Marathon, 7; Chenango Forks, 8; Binghamton, 9 and 10; Owego, 11 and 12; Tioga Centre, 13; Barton, 14; Chemung, 15; Elmira, 16 and 17; Corning, 19.

Letters for Mr. and Mrs. Coan or Mr. Coles, should be addressed to Binghamton or Elmira.

THE MOVING WORLD.

Judge Drummond, U. S. Judge of Utah, has resigned his post. He states that no laws can be administered among the Mormons, and that no life is safe while Brigham Young is regarded by that deluded people as the only law-giver on earth.

England has ceded Napoleon's House and Tomb at St. Helena, to France. The Emperor intends to restore them as far as possible, to their original state.

The government of New Granada, having refused to make reparation for the loss of life and property at the Panama massacre, the next step to be taken is now resting with our Government at Washington.

The convent of San Francisco, in Mexico, was founded three and a quarter centuries ago; and its library, eighty feet long by forty wide, and forty high, with shelves on all sides and racks in the center, contains a mine of ancient books and parchments relating to the history of the New World. During the recent troubles, it is believed that Gen. Gadsden became the possessor of some of these, and that they are on their way to the United States.

The Massachusetts Legislature have refused to repeal the law of 1855 declaring and establishing the right of juries to judge of the law in criminal cases.

MINUTEMAN CHANGE.—Rev. Otis A. Skinner (Universalist) intends to remove from Boston and reside in the vicinity of Chicago. He has officiated as pastor over one society 19 years. He preached his farewell sermon 15th April.

The trial of Mrs. Cunningham and J. Eckel for the murder of Dr. Burdell, was commenced on Monday last in this city, before Judge Davis.

The new city charter, it is believed, will carry the day in its contest with our nullifying officials.

Crime is rife as ever. Newburgh is in commotion by reason of the finding of the body of a young woman in a plowed field, nearly naked, with marks of a violent death. Three or four alleged murders have occurred in this city during the past week. The Pittsburgh papers record the double murder and robbery of a brother and sister near that city; Baltimore has suffered from mob violence; and every section of our wide country seems suffering from outrage and crime.

The poet Bryant with his wife and daughter has gone to Europe. They are to spend some time in Spain.

Some of the opposers of the new charter are threatening a division of the State. The new State is to be composed of Manhattan Island, Staten Island and Long Island; and if not very large in surface, it is calculated that these deficiencies would be compensated by an abundance of money and ram.

The new Marshal is making a stir among the vessels fitting out for the slave trade at this port. Several have been seized, and one or two have broken up their lading, and relinquished the undertaking.

A NEW BOOK.

TO be published on the 9th of May, "THE MAGIC STAFF," an Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis.

This is the most original and useful volume ever written by the world-renowned Clairvoyant. It gives an accurate and rational account of his social, psychological and Literary Career, beginning with his first memories and ascending step by step through every subsequent year to the present period. There are, perhaps, thousands who regard Mr. Davis as a person of almost supernatural abilities, while a still greater number treat him and his writings with unmitigated prejudice. Hence such a work as we now offer to the public is particularly needed to institute a mean between these two mental extremes, and to give the candid investigator a clear understanding of psychological science. We are very confident that this timely volume will at once gratify the desires of believers, and meet unanswerably the objections and allegations of the unfriendly. Some idea of the work may be derived from the following table of contents.

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Of these strange events which have marked the Author's most private and interior experiences, the descriptions are marvellously beautiful, and the whole is distinguished by a style at once simple and pathetic, romantic and familiar, original and entertaining. It will be a book of great usefulness and importance to parents and children, teachers and pupils, reformers and philosophers.

The volume contains 552 pages, 12mo, printed on good paper and well bound, embellished with two steel engravings, likenesses of the Author and his wife; also, two carefully executed illustrations, one of Mr. Davis' birth-place, the other of a death scene. Beside these, the book contains diagrams illustrative of the Author's Clairvoyant discoveries. Retail price, \$1.25. Orders are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly filled by the Publishers, J. S. BROWN & CO., No. 26 Frankfort Street, New York.

The Spiritualists' Directory.

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MRS. A. M. BRITT

Is lecturing in the State of Illinois. Those requiring her services will address their letters to Peoria, Illinois.

UPHOLSTERY.—Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Taylor, formerly of 474 Broadway, are ready on customers, as formerly, at their own dwellings, to cut, make and repair carpets and curtains. Present residence, 145 West Sixteenth street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. N. B. Loose covers cut and made in the best possible manner.

COMFORT FOR THE WELL OR SICK.

It has seemed to us very desirable that there should be some place where those who wish to secure health, and those wishing to enjoy it could each find a home where there should be nothing to offend good taste—nothing to annoy the sick, or disturb the quiet and retiring. We have sought to meet this necessity, and made provisions first for

Good Board.

by the day, week or month. We have a great variety of Rooms, at prices varying from \$5 to \$15 per week; and while we furnish those who desire plain food with all they can wish for—the plainest diet—we also make our table satisfactory to all who favor us with their company.

Second. We have accommodations for

Water Cure Treatment.

which we believe are not equalled in any establishment in any city; and these are made more valuable from the fact that the family is cheerful; and that those who are well associate with the patient; and the family is at all times social and agreeable. We have different batteries for the administration of ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS, which we can vary to suit every case. These baths will be given to the patients of any physician without interference with his general prescriptions.

To render the above more effectual, we are prepared to make active and efficient use of

Animal Magnetism.

The wonderful effects of this beautiful agent under our own personal experience and observation we can not present in this communication. It is often more prompt and potent than drugs, either with or without. Electro-Magnetism, and always adds to the efficiency of any system of bathing. And as many are convinced that the most valuable aid can be secured from our Spirit friends, we can furnish the best facilities for trying

A Good Healing Medium

As with the other means of cure, those who value this especially may use it in connection with any Hygienic Treatment; and we are quite sure that no house in this city can furnish such opportunities for a good diet; and we know that there is no health establishment where so many advantages are to be found, with so cheerful a family, and so great a variety of good rooms. Transient visitors always accommodated, at from \$1 to \$2 per day. O. H. WELLINGTON & CO., 255-cowlf

34 East 12th street, cor. of University Place.

QUESTIONS FOR ELUCIDATION

BY SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

THE investigating class in the city of New York is composed, as far as possible, of intelligent men and women who are supposed to entertain the various popular theories involved in the questions to be solved. This class, until further notice, will assemble each succeeding Wednesday evening at the house of Charles Partridge, and in conducting the meetings the following order will be observed: At eight o'clock the question for the evening will be read, after which will be presented papers from our friends abroad, containing pertinent facts, modes of application to the question under consideration, and conclusions. Then the persons present will read their briefs of facts, arguments and conclusion, and enforce the same with such brief remarks as may render the elucidation of the subject more complete.

To give equal and the widest facilities to all persons—whether present or absent—to participate in the discussion, we purpose to consider the several questions in their order, giving to each at least one week's time, and probably more to some or all of them. The purpose being simply to elicit and present truth in as brief and yet as comprehensive a form as possible, the following has been adopted as the order to be observed which is believed to be best calculated to promote the objects had in view.

First. Each contributor is requested to present in writing the facts on which his or her conclusions are based.

Second. The mode of applying facts to the question.

Third. Conclusions.

Fourth. Remarks.

QUESTIONS.

15. Wherein consists the essential difference between material substances and spiritual substances and things?
16. Is man physically, mentally or morally free?
17. Is there any such thing as evil or sin; and if so, in what does it consist, and what was its origin, its use and destiny?
18. Is the moral universe a means or an end in the creation; and is the moral government of God his final government?
19. Is the moral universe now just such as God originally foresaw, planned and designed?
20. Is there any special Divine Providence in the sense which implies the direct interposition of Deity?
21. Has God made any special revelation of his will to man; and in so, in what does it consist?
22. Has God provided any special means of man's development, regeneration or salvation?
23. Was Jesus Christ divine in any sense in which, and of which, man is not capable?
24. Is there a personal Devil; and if so, what was his origin, what his character, capabilities, uses and destiny?
25. What are the conditions and relations of the Spirit's existence? What are its surroundings, scenery, etc.? What are its powers and susceptibilities, and what are its sources of enjoyment?
26. Wherein consists the difference between man's life in the spiritual world and his life in the material world?
27. What effect has a premature physical death on man's spiritual life and destiny?
28. Have animals an organized spiritual entity—a self-conscious intelligence; and do they at death pass to another sphere or condition of existence?
29. What are the relations of mental to vital motion, and to what extent are the faculties of the mind capable of controlling the functions of the body?
30. Can the human mind, while in its earthly form and relations, produce psychological and physiological effects on other human minds and bodies with and without physical contact; and can it otherwise manifest its powers, through inanimate forms and substances?

CAT SKINNING is a business in London. The cats are seized, their heads fastened to a spike, and they are skinned alive! The skins, when taken from the living animal, average 2s. 2d. each; the skin of a dead cat, according to experts, is valueless, because "the fur loses its gloss." Mary Beckett, a dirty, ragged and very ill-favored woman, about forty-five years of age, was convicted in London, the other day, for skinning two cats alive. She was sentenced to imprisonment for three months. John Glander was held to answer a charge of having dealt in live cat hides.—*Traveler*.

INCOMES OF THE FRENCH CLERGY.—The Protestant clergy receive, on an average, more than the Roman Catholic. The parish priests of a large city receive about three hundred dollars; those of the second class receive two hundred and fifty dollars; those of a country church, one hundred and seventy dollars; and those last form the immense majority of the forty thousand members of the secular clergy of France.—*Advocate and Journal*.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Irish Roman Catholic Archbishops are summoned to Rome; and it is expected that Dr. Cullen will be created a Cardinal.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives has refused by eighty-three majority to repeal the law of 1855, giving juries the right to judge of the law as well as the evidence in criminal cases.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 262.

The Principles of Nature.

NEW YORK PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OF THE MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE—PROFESSOR J. J. MAPES IN THE CHAIR.

In the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH under date of December 13, 1856, we published an interesting report of spiritual manifestations which occurred in the lecture-room of the New York Philosophical Society, through mediums with whom the Committee for that purpose had previously made arrangements to exhibit before them the phenomena which occur in their presence, together with a brief report of the discussion which followed the several exhibitions. At the close of these discussions, the Society constituted a committee for the purpose of further investigating modern spiritual manifestations through any and all mediums they might choose, and make a report of the facts elicited to the Society at a future time. This committee was composed of persons who were favorably inclined to admit the facts, and others who were earnestly opposed to the genuineness of the phenomena and the whole spiritual theory. After several sessions with different mediums, the committee made the following report to the Society, at its meeting on Wednesday evening, October 22, 1856.

To the New York Philosophical Society of the Mechanics' Institute:

GENTLEMEN:—The committee appointed for the purpose of procuring evidence upon the subject of spiritual manifestations beg leave respectfully to report,

That they have endeavored to give the subject that candid and frank examination which, in their opinion, its importance demands, and at the same time to confine themselves to the accumulation of such evidence as would be worthy the investigation of a scientific body, carefully recording those phenomenal facts claiming to be the manifestations of Spirits, as they fell under the observation of your committee, regardless of all explanation and theories on the subject.*

Agreeably with the request of the medium, the company took their seats around a large mahogany table. Each one was requested to write the names of some of his departed friends on separate pieces of paper, so that no one could see him write, and roll each paper containing a single name up in the form of a bullet, and mix them together so that he himself could not tell one from the other. This being done, the whole of the paper bullets, amounting to about one hundred, were placed in one heap in the middle of the table, and thoroughly mixed together. After sitting about three quarters of an hour with hands placed on the table, with the palms downward, under a strong gas light, the medium's hand wrote, "Lower the gas light a little," which was done. At length three raps were distinctly heard by the whole company, which the medium said was the announcement of a Spirit presence. The medium then asked, "Is there a Spirit present whose name is on any of these papers?" to which three raps were made. Here the medium explained that three raps meant yes; that one signi-

fied no; two, doubtful; and five, a call for the alphabet, which definitions we adopted upon his authority, merely for the sake of brevity.

The medium then took all the paper bullets into one hand and picked out with the other, one by one, asking at each bullet, "Is this the one?" until the whole pile was nearly called over. Finally, three raps were heard, which the medium said indicated that the bullet in which was written the name of the Spirit, was reached. The bullet thus selected was placed in the hands of one of the committee, when the question was asked, "Will you indicate the person who wrote the name on the paper?" Three raps. Commencing at the left of the medium, each person asked, "Was it I?" until Mr. Mann was reached, to whom three raps were immediately given in response. The paper was then handed to him. *Question.*—Before opening the paper, will you rap out the name that is written on it? Three raps were given, followed by a call for the alphabet. The alphabet was then carefully called over to the letter M, when three raps were heard. This process was repeated, until the name Mary was spelled out; whereupon the paper ball was opened, and the name of Mary found plainly written thereon, which Mr. Mann said was his writing. Mr. Mann wrote a number of relationships on a piece of paper, which paper was passed to another gentleman present, who numbered them 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. The paper was then passed to another, who turned it, with the writing down, upon the table and called over the numbers, but received no answer. The same process was repeated by writing a number of places, and asking the Spirit to indicate the one at which she died. This was answered correctly. The same process was gone through with respect to the birth-place of the Spirit purporting to communicate, and answered correctly. The medium's hand seized, in quite a convulsive manner, a pencil, and commenced writing from right to left, very rapidly; and when finished, the paper had to be turned and placed between the light and the eye, when the following was found to read, from left to right:

"My dear mortal son! do you remember how my little finger was bent, on my left hand?"

Mr. Mann said that he did not remember the circumstance, but as he was only eight years old when she died, he may have forgotten it, or perhaps he never knew it. He asked if it could bring the Spirit of his sister to the circle, to which the medium wrote as before:

"Yes, my son, I will go for her; she is not far distant."

Here, a succession of loud raps announced the presence of another Spirit. The paper balls were again called over as before, and one selected. The company asked again in turn, "Was it I who wrote the name on this paper?" until it reached Mr. Whitman, when three raps were heard. The ball was then put aside from the rest, and Mr. Whitman wrote down the names he had written when he made his paper balls and numbered them, and asked the question, "Was it number 1, 2, 3?" etc., but received negative answers to all the questions.

After repeating the questions several times with the same results, the medium snatched a pencil in the same spasmodic manner as before, and wrote, "There is no name on the paper, it is 70;" whereupon the paper was opened out and seventy found written on it, which Mr. Whitman said he then recollected to have written among his papers as the age of his mother when she died. The hand of the medium then moved convulsively toward Mr. Whitman, and crossed out the name of mother, which had been written among other relationships on a paper before him. The medium then wrote as before, the following:

"My darling child! I am with thee every moment; I watch over thee and direct thee in thy ways. Often do I give thee life, and make thee a pure mother's child. I will direct and make thee a pure child. I came with thee here, and with angel love do I give thee strength."

THY ANGEL MOTHER."

"I watch thy pillow, and make thy dreams like angel dreams, and thy pathway like the pathway of those who live by truth, and make their beds in higher kingdoms."

Question.—Where did you spend the most of your life?

Answer.—18, 15, 24, 2, 21, 18, 25. This was unintelligible to all. The medium then wrote, "Compare the figures with the alphabet, and that will tell thee where I spent a portion of my life." The alphabet was then set down and numbered, commencing at A, when the following letters were found to correspond to the figures, 18 R, 15 O, 24 X, 2 B, 21 U, 18 R, 25 Y, (Roxbury.) *Answer correct.* *Ques.*—Where did you spend the last of your life? (No answer.) *Q.*—Where did you pass away? A.—(Written.) "Lan." *Q.*—Do you mean Lancaster? A.—Yes—correct. The hand of the medium then seized the hand of Mr. Whitman and shook it convulsively two or three times. *Q.*—Where were you born? No answer. *Q.*—I wish to know very much; will you not tell me? A.—My dear child, a Spirit tells me to go for another strong one, to make some alterations in the table, which I will do, and return in five minutes. In exactly five minutes, by a number of watches, raps were heard, and the medium wrote:

"The Spirit says it is going to make the table heavy and light for the company, if it can."

Mr. Whitman replied, "Thank you, mother; good night."

Then the medium wrote:

"I will stay with thee to-night, dear; do not think that I will leave."

THY DEAR MOTHER."

Mr. Whitman asked, Who is the friend that is going to operate on the table? Medium wrote, "Wilton J. Marsh." No one knew him. The medium wrote, "He is a friend to all."

The table was then lifted at the end by Messrs. Chisholm, Rodgers and others, who agreed that there was sometimes a difference in the weight, being, at one time, when the Spirit was asked to make it light, considerably lighter than when it was requested to make it heavy. Here Mr. Spear, who lives in the house, went down stairs, and returned with one of Chatillon's improved spring balances of twenty-four pounds capa-

* The Report embraces also, two interviews with Mrs. Cora V. L. Hatch (medium), but the press of other matter upon our columns compels us to omit that portion of it, which we do with the less regret, as that which we publish covers mainly the whole field of fact explored by the society's committee, as set forth in their Report.

city. The balance was placed by several persons at the side opposite the medium, with all the hands removed from that side, and found to weigh at one time thirteen pounds, at another twenty-four pounds, and again beyond the capacity of the balance. The raps now indicated that the alphabet was wanted. The alphabet was then called, and "good night" was spelled out.

The above communications were generally written from right to left, so as to be read from the opposite side, and frequently upside down, and occasionally from left to right, and in all cases with no apparent mental effort on the part of the medium, who generally looked in a different direction from the writing, and often conversed upon some foreign matter with the same apparent ease as if his hand were not employed. Among many of the written answers to questions of the circle, the medium would stretch himself over the table, and write on the paper in front of the questioner, commencing the first line at the end of the paper nearest the medium, and the next line further from the medium but nearer to the questioner, and so on until the communication would be finished, when the questioner could read it as it lay before him.

SECOND NIGHT.

74 St. Mark's Place, Wednesday evening, Oct. 29. Present, G. A. Redman, medium, G. W. Glaze, John B. Whitman, J. W. Reid, Clinton Roosevelt, Elizabeth Spear, J. W. Morton, Captain Chas. Stewart, James Chisholm.

The gentlemen all took their seats around the same table used on the previous evening, in the same order as before, with hands on the table, whilst a young lady played a number of pieces on the piano. In about three quarters of an hour, at the close of a piece of music, the medium's hand wrote,

"O, how sweet that is! Dear, will you sing another? EMILY."

It was then made known that Emily was the name of Mr. Whitman's daughter, who died some weeks since, an aunt to the young lady who played the piano. As this was announced, three raps, signifying Yes, were made. Mr. Whitman asked what piece it would have played next, when the alphabet was called for, and "Life is but a strife" was spelled out and signed "Emily." Q. Would you like to talk with Elizabeth? Ans. "Yes." Q. Are you happy? Ans. "I am improving." Q. "Are you more happy than when here?" Ans. "Yes." The medium's hand then reached out, took up a pencil and commenced to write, but threw it back, when the medium said that it wanted a sharp pencil. After the pencil had been sharpened in rather a hasty manner, and handed back, he made another attempt at writing, but threw it back again, when it was again sharpened. This was repeated several times, until finally the hand commenced writing from left to right very slowly, and continued until, in a very neat hand, the following communication was finished.

"My Dear Lizzie—I wish you would sit for me, and in a short time I will be able to communicate through thee alone. Do sit for me, my dear, and I will soon come to thee and give thee independent manifestations. EMILY."

Some remarks here were made to the effect that the above was quite a specimen of a lady's hand. Mr. Whitman took from his pocket a letter which had been written by his daughter Emily some time before her death, and the two writings were compared, the company agreeing that there was a strong resemblance, when the medium wrote, "It is as near like my hand as I could make it, dear father." Here three strong raps were heard, as the medium thrust his hands forward toward Mr. Reid. The medium then seized a pencil and wrote as follows:

"I am standing by thy side, and came in with thee, and have been by thy side all day. I am thy Spirit guide. T. JAFFRAY."

After the writing was finished, the medium thrust the paper toward Mr. Reid. After examining the communication, Mr. Reid said that T. Jaffray was an uncle of his, and that he had written his name on one of the papers which he had rolled up, and that the writing resembled that of his uncle very much. The medium then wrote, "Was there any peculiarity on my person?" to which Mr. Reid replied, I can not remember. Medium wrote, "Think—about my face." Mr. Reid: I can not recollect. The medium drew the profile of a man's face on the paper, and when finished drew a line from the eye to the opening of the nose. After a short pause, Mr. Reid said that he could not recollect, when the medium wrote, "Do you not remember that one eye watered very much? After a little reflection, Mr. Reid said that he now faintly recollected that

there was something the matter with his eye—that it did water; thinks he had a piece of silver in the corner of his eye. Medium then wrote, "Ah, yes; now you have it." The medium stretched out his hand toward Mr. Reid, and took him by the hand and shook it very violently. Mr. Reid remarked that he was the last man that he expected any communication from—also that when the medium thrust his hands toward him, he felt a powerful shock as if electrified, and that his uncle was a very strong man when living here. Three raps were heard, which the medium said was affirmative. The medium then wrote,

"My dear mortal nephew, even when you least think, my Spirit watches thee and guides thee through many principles of thought. Though this truth may be as yet in its infancy, still like a child it grows and becomes a strong and powerful principle, as the germ is unfolded to a tree of gigantic size. My child, God hath given thee a duty, and great it is. Let not thy slumbering principles remain dormant, lest the usury required at thy hand should be lost."

Thy Spirit guide,

T. JAFFRAY."

"I will come to thee to night, and rap on thy pillow at one o'clock. Do not be excited, but passive, and you will hear me rap quite strong."

Mr. Reid then asked three questions secretly, and received responsive raps. He then asked aloud, if the duty referred to was a personal one, and received one rap (no) in answer. He then asked aloud, Was it before Spiritualism came up? The medium then wrote, "Yes, you have the impression correct; it was sometime before Spiritualism commenced. You will yet have stranger things developed to your mind, which others will be wholly ignorant of."

Mr. Reid asked, Would you like to send any message to your mother? Ans. "Yes; I would like her to come." Mr. Reid said, "I then bid you good night," to which the medium wrote, "No, I will stay with you to night."

There were now three light raps heard, which the medium said was from another Spirit who wished to communicate, while he took the paper balls into one hand, and asked if the Spirit would indicate the paper upon which its name was written. Ans. Three raps. He then took the balls and laid them on the table, one after another, until three raps were heard. The paper thus selected was handed by the medium to Capt. Stewart as belonging to him. The call for the alphabet was then made by the usual number of raps. The alphabet was called over, and the name "Elizabeth" spelled out. On opening the paper, it was found that "Elizabeth" was written on it by Captain Stewart. Medium then wrote, "Yes, it is I; let us talk together; I have so much to say. O how happy I am that I can come here to-night!" The medium handed this communication to Capt. Stewart, who read it with evident emotion and prolonged silence, when the medium again wrote, "Do let us talk together;" and handed that to Capt. Stewart, who read it, but continued silent and thoughtful. The medium wrote again, "Won't you speak to me?" Captain Stewart then wrote some questions secretly, and received a response by raps. The medium then wrote a long communication, and gave it to Capt. Stewart, and then wrote, "Keep this from the company." The medium then wrote, "I come every day and sit on your knee; do you love to have me do so?" to which Capt. Stewart answered, Yes. Capt. Stewart told the medium to ask "the little dear if she was happy?" The medium wrote, "I am not little; I grow. I do not write this myself; a high Spirit helps me to do it." Capt. Stewart asked who the Spirit was that helped to write; the medium wrote, "Lawrence." Q. What Lawrence? Ans. "Abbot." Capt. Stewart then stated to the company that this communication purporting to come from his daughter, was pertaining to a private matter which he had in hand, but would be made public shortly. He further stated that the communication advised and guarded him against persons well described, and that it predicted results, all of which he could clearly appreciate. He said that it was to him already quite satisfactory, but when the matter should have become public, it must be regarded as the most indubitable proof of spiritual manifestations that has yet transpired.

The medium now selected another paper ball from the heap in the middle of the table, and handed it to Mr. Whitman. The question "What is on this paper?" was then asked. The medium then wrote, "There are three letters on the paper, one is H or G; I do not give thee all, for the better test it is the writing"—upon opening the paper, R. G. S. was found written on it. Mr. Whitman then asked the name of the Spirit who

was communicating with him, when the medium wrote, "Deborah." Neither Mr. Whitman nor any other person present appeared to know who "Deborah" was. The medium then wrote, "I know Mr. Low." Q. "What, Seth Low?" A. No. The medium wrote, "I lived up the Alley in Hanover street, in Boston, near Parkman's." Mr. Whitman said he knew the locality perfectly well, but he could not recollect the name Deborah. Mr. Whitman then asked if Deborah was a colored person? when a great number and variety of raps were heard under the table; after which five raps were distinctly heard, which the medium said was the call for the alphabet, when, by the same method heretofore described, the words, "Good night" were spelled. The medium then wrote, "We give these demonstrations as long as we are certain of results; then we ask leave to desist."

THIRD NIGHT.

74 St. Mark's Place, October 31, 1856.

Present, J. A. Redman, medium, G. W. Glaze, J. B. Whitman, J. W. Reid, C. Roosevelt, Jas. Chisholm, Henry Speer, Dr. Vandervide, J. W. Norton and Andrew Tinike.

The gentlemen all took their seats at the table as on the two previous occasions, while one of the ladies of the family played and sang several favorite pieces of music, during which Mr. Roosevelt and others remarked that they heard the table give out sensations similar to that of a Leyden jar. The hand of the medium was attracted toward that of Mr. Roosevelt. During the musical performance, the medium took up a pencil and wrote very slowly the name *Thos. Wyatt* several times. No one seemed to know who this was, or what it meant. The medium again wrote in the same handwriting,

"Yes, it is I. I am enjoying the harmony, so unlike the harmony of spiritual chords. I watch each note, but so imperfect that an ear used to sweet chords in other worlds would dislike, but my spirit enjoys most the — This sounds as it is played by mortal fingers, and I would the more — THOS. WYATT."

After a short pause, Mr. Reid said that it would be indeed strange if it were the man he thought it might be, when three raps were heard. Mr. Reid asked in writing, if it had been Chaplain to George III, when the medium wrote, "I was the chaplain to George III. The medium then wrote, "Yes, thy uncle, J. Reid, is by thy side. Thy grandfather, J. Reid, is by thy side." Here a variety of raps were heard under the table. Mr. Reid then asked aloud, Is Thomas Wyatt here? when three raps were heard. Mr. Reid wrote a question privately, and asked it mentally, and the medium wrote, "If you know the place, I will not tell you; if you don't, I will, because there are some strange minds in your midst, with little true philosophy. Mr. Reid asked another secret question, during which time there was some conversation among the party concerning the manner in which the examination should be conducted—when the medium wrote: "Persons are apt to make many suggestion, but I prefer to deal with one." Mr. Reid then, in following up his inquiries, asked, Was it in England? to which a negative rap was made. Q. Was it in France? Ans. Three raps. The medium then wrote, "God bless thee, my friend." Three raps were then heard, and the medium wrote, "Open the door; Charles Reid wants to come in." I don't admire some persons in this promiscuous assembly; I prefer to communicate with thee privately." The medium then wrote a communication and handed it to Mr. Reid, saying that it was for himself privately. Mr. Reid then explained that the communication was responsive to his questions, and relevant; that the subject of inquiry was a document lost many years ago, and that the Spirit says it is in a certain town in France. Mr. Reid also stated that Charles Reid, for whom the door was requested to be opened, was his father, who died — years ago.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Chisholm frequently expressed some impatience at not being able to get a communication, stating that if he could get something to himself, it would be more satisfactory and convincing. The medium wrote the following communication, and handed it to Mr. Chisholm:

"Not that thy Spirit is not in a condition, but that we prefer to see thee silently progress before we give thee personal evidence. I can not write in our native language, because I have to write or communicate through the Spirit who attends the medium. He not understanding our dialect, I can not make him understand it. Deeper than earth's talents, more firm than the mountains of earth, are these truths, and the mind that fails to labor to know for himself, loses a gem that time and spiritual experience can not repair. Labor to understand these things, but do not despair though we refuse to satisfy thy thirsty mind

at once. Know that the deeper the truth, the more difficult to reach and understand. Thou shalt surely know and enjoy these privileges, eternal philosophy and spiritual truth.

Thy Spirit guardian and would be adviser,
ALEXANDER CHISHOLM."

The medium again wrote and handed to Mr. Chisholm the following:

"Yes, I came in with Alex., and if you are passive you shall surely have evidence. God grant that thy soul may understand, and not be laboring under deep misunderstanding.
D. CHISHOLM."

The medium snatched from Mr. Chisholm a paper on which he had written and numbered six different places of relationships, and when they were called off, the raps were heard at the right number. Mr. Chisholm here explained to the company that Alexander Chisholm was his grandfather, and died about — years ago, and that D. Chisholm was his uncle, who had been dead about — years, and that he had written both these names among others on each evening of the examination; that he had been very anxious about a communication to himself personally, until shortly before the above was written, when he had ceased to expect anything of the kind, but was quite surprised when the medium handed over to him the communication. Mr. Chisholm was still anxious for something more, when the medium wrote:

"I shall write to thee no more to-night. Think on what thou hast got, my child, and know that we love thee as a mortal seeker for truth, Thy friend and well-wisher,
ALEXANDER."

The medium then took three paper balls from the heap that lay in the middle of the table, and put them into the hand of Mr. Roosevelt, and then took two away, leaving one. Mr. Roosevelt asked what name was on the paper, when the medium wrote, "Henry." The paper was then opened, and "Henry" was found written on it by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt then asked if Henry would tell where he died, when three raps were given. Mr. Roosevelt then wrote down several places, and numbered them, and asked the questions by numbers, and received three raps at the right place. Mr. Roosevelt then went through the same process in regard to the disease of which Henry had died, and was equally successful. The medium took up a pencil and wrote:

"The only evidence to thee is thy own experience in the world unseen, and doubted by thee; but if you will persist, you may stand alone."

The company here were somewhat engaged in conversation upon the subject of investigation, when the medium wrote,

"THOS. WYATT: I do not answer questions but I will give you a word. Nature is fraught with many lessons, every shrub, every breath of air, every act of nature's servant animals and mortals is fraught with some object and that object is reflected upon the future. Friend, if thou hast a soul, if thou hast one ray of progress like the plant, then let not these little dewey drops fall from thy blossoming Spirit, lest thou dost wilt and die like witless infidels.
THOMAS WYATT."

[Signed]

GEO. W. GLAZE,
J. W. REID,

CLINTON ROOSEVELT,
J. B. WHITMAN,
JAMES CHISHOLM.

UNIVERSOLOGY. NUMBER SEVEN.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

We arrive, in fine, at the proper beginning point of the strictly Scientific investigation of the Universe. The several articles that precede have conducted us hither, and cleared the ground of obstructions. The basis of Science lies in the Extreme Material World, which is the Dual Degree in the Series, 1. *Mind*; 2. *World*; and in the Lines of Limitation between the Points, Pontocles, Objects and Events of that World—the Logic of Matter—instead of its substance. These constitute the Dual Degree in the Series, 1. *Substance*, 2. *Form*; or, 1. *Reality*, 2. *Law*. Science is itself of the Dual Degree, and sympathizes with the corresponding Degree in all things.

The Logic of Matter relates to the Lines of Separation of all kinds—which are also the Lines of Connection, and so, generally, of Relation—between the Particles and Masses of Matter considered as stationary in Space, and between the States of Matter considered as changing or successive in Time. Every Object is bounded by certain Faces or Surfaces which, taken together, constitute its Form. Every surface is, when analyzed, reduced to a Lateral succession of Lines (that is, to a number of Lines placed side by side), and every Line is, when analyzed, reduced to a Serial succession of Points (that is, to a number of Points succeeding each other as a Series). The Primary Element of All Form is, therefore, the Point, and the Secondary Element the Line. But it is all Secondary Things (the Dual Degree in all spheres), with which Intellect, Law, Logic and Science especially sympathize. Hence it is the *Lines* of

Matter, especially, which make the subject the Logic of Matter, Points and Surfaces entering into the account only in a subordinate Sense. The special Science of Form, the first two elements of which are the Point and Line, is called Geometry (which means Earth-measuring, from its first application to the Surveying of Lands). In this Science the Point is merely defined as Position without Extension, or as the End of a Line, and then the student passes directly to the consideration of Lines. Hence the Line of Form, or of Matter stationary in Space, may almost be regarded as the Sole subject of investigation in Geometry. Lines first *unite* or *connect* Points; but, in the second place, they *separate* Spaces or Objects contained in Space; and, since it is the secondary feature of all things, with which Science has a special *Sympathy*, it is the Line, as the *Instrument of Separation or Division*, which takes precedence in the Scientific or Logical Order, over the Line as an Instrument of Connection. Analysis is the Leading Intellectual Function, and Synthesis is the subordinate.

But Objects not only exist in Space, and are bounded or limited by the Lines which separate them, but they succeed each other in Time—either new objects replacing old ones, or the same object reappearing in a new state—and these Appearances in Time, are likewise divided by imaginary Lines of Succession, and are also united, by a Line, into a chain of Events; these Lines involve, also, the idea of Points—the Point, in Time, for example, from which an Event began to happen, and the Point at which it is finished. Changes in Time constitute Motion or Movement, and all motion is attributed to a Causative Force upon which it rests, as a *Ground*, and from which it *proceeds* in the same manner as Form rests upon Substance as a *Ground*, and proceeds from it. Force corresponds, therefore, to Substance, and Motion to Form, Force to a Point from which—Projectile Force, or a Point to which—Attraction, and motion to the Line of Connection. The Science which treats of the Laws of Motion as resulting from Forces, is called Dynamics (from the Greek word meaning Force), or Rational Mechanics. I prefer the word Dynamology to rid us of the plural form of the word, and furnish the appropriate adjective, Dynamological.

Form, the subject of Geometry, has, then, Extension in Space; and Motion, the Subject of Dynamology, the Duration in Time. As between Duration and Extension, Duration is Unial and Extension Dual. We necessarily conceive of Duration as proceeding in a Single Line or Direction—a Perpendicular to the Point of Departure. Extension may proceed in an Infinity of Directions, like Horizontal Lines, diverging from a Point in the same Plane. Duration, and consequently Time, correspond to the Perpendicular Line. We say, instinctively, "Down the current of Time," or "the Line of Descent," in speaking of subsequent Time, and "a High Antiquity" in speaking of Prior Time. Extension, and consequently Space, correspond to the Horizontal Line or Plane. The word Extension—stretching out—refers, etymologically, to Outwardness, and not to Upwardness or Downwardness. When we think of Space we naturally think on a Level, and not of Up nor Down.

The Historical Conception of Creation gives also Motion as prior to Object; the exertion of a Force, the operation of a Cause as prior to an Effect. The Historical or Natural Order gives, therefore, the Series, *Duration* first, *Extension* second; or *Time* first, and *Space* second. But since Science sympathizes everywhere with Secondaries rather than with primaries, Form and Geometry are more fundamental, in the Scientific Point of view, than Motion and Dynamology. The Logical Order gives, therefore, the Series, 1. *Extension*, 2. *Motion*, or 1. *Space*, 2. *Time*.

Within the Domain of Space, Substance (Point) is first, and Form (Line) is second, historically; and Form (Line) first, and Substance (Point) second, logically or scientifically.

Science gives the precedence, therefore, to the External World or Nature over the Internal World, or Mind; and within the External World it gives the precedence to Station over Motion, or to the World regarded as stationary in Space, over the same natural world regarded as undergoing changes in Time. A world of matter existing in Space is extended, and the first Element of Extension is the Line. The fundamental Science is, therefore, apparently Line-Science, or otherwise Geometry.

Although Points are the Limits of Lines, and Surfaces the

Limits of Solids, the Line which is the Limit of Surfaces serves, representatively, for all Limitation, in the same manner as *Two* is representative of all Plurality. 1. Point, 2. Line, 3. Surface; these three are all the ideal objects susceptible of serving as Limits in the Universe. Of these the Line being Second or Dual is sympathetic with Logic or Science, which is also Dual, and so ranks first, and is representative of the others. Hence, again, the seeming beginning-point of Science is the consideration of the properties of the Line. We are not yet, however, quite at the absolute beginning. Let us take a step downward.

A Limit is the Adjective or Attribute of that which is Limited. Form, which consists of Limitation, is, therefore, Adjective to Substance, or Reality. It cleaves to that which is included by it, and falls away from that which is excluded. Hence, Substance and its Form furnish conjointly the notion of matter, or CONCRETE Existence. Concrete is from the Latin *com* and *cresco*, and means *grown together*. All actual things perceived by the senses are, therefore, Concrete, or belong to the Concrete sphere of Existence.

If Substance be considered by itself, or Form by itself, or if any other Elements which naturally co-exist in the Concrete are distinguished, and so far separated from each other by a mental effort, as it is possible to separate them, this act of Mental Separation of things actually united, is called *Abstraction*. To abstract is from the Latin, *abs* and *traho*, and means to draw asunder.

The Science of Form, or Geometry, is therefore an Abstract Science. Still it is not the most Abstract. The notion of Form cleaving to the notion of Substance is always partially concreted with it. The Line in Geometry is viewed in the unial phase of its dual function, as divider, which is to limit or bound a figure to which figure it belongs as an element and an attribute. To limit or bound is to inclose; to inclose is to unify. The dual phase of the same function of the Line is to separate or divide—to dualize. To conceive this we must arrive at the notion of pure difference—of the Line not as belonging to a one figure or object which it bounds, but as equally belonging to either of two figures or portions of space or objects between which it occurs. In this event, two objects are before the mind at the same instant, beside the line of division between them. This twoness is Number. The several objects or real Ones involved in the number Two are equally before the mind at the same time; and the ideal line, or difference which divides them, and makes them two, is abstracted from each of them, as belonging no more to one than to the other. Pure abstraction does not, therefore, belong to Geometry, nor to Mechanical Science, in which the line belongs to the single object or event limited. It is reserved for Number or numeration, the Science of which is the calculus (including Arithmetic and Algebra). Geometry and Dynamology are, therefore, the Concrete and Arithmetic, and Algebra the Abstract department of Mathematics.

In the same manner as Geometry gives precedence to the line over the point—to the dual over the unial element of Concrete mathematics—so calculation, or the science of number, prefers the number Two to the number One, the dual to the unial element of Abstract Mathematics. Geometry begins properly in the line instead of the point, and Number in twoness instead of oneness. There is no proper numbering so long as one object only is before the mind. The notion of number is fundamentally identical with the notion of division or twoness.

In ultimate analysis, therefore, the true beginning points of all science are in the Number Two, and the PURE NOTION OF LINE OR DIFFERENCE. The first step in demonstrating the correspondential unity of the different departments of Science should concern the relation between Abstract and Concrete Mathematics—between Arithmetic and Geometry—the first and second stages in Scientific ascension—hence, between the number two and the line. We are, therefore, now for the first time, prepared to begin the work of demonstration.

MYSTERIOUS PROFESSION.—"Now, Tom," said the printer of a country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice, "put the 'Foreign Leaders' into the galleys, and lock 'em up—let 'Napoleon's remains' have a large head—distribute the 'Army in the East'—take up a line and finish the 'British Ministers' make the 'Young Princess to run on the Duchess of Kent'—move the 'Kerry Hunt' out of the chase—get your stick and finish the 'Horrid Murder' that Joe began last night—wash your hands and come into dinner, and then see that all the 'pi' is cleared up."



"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857.

REMOVAL.

The office of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, including the Book Department, is removed from this date, *two doors*, into Appleton's Publishing House, 346 & 348 Broadway, at the head of the stairs. This change has been rendered imperative from the fact, that the Tabernacle Building which we have occupied for the last two years, is about to be torn down, and its place supplied with a palatial structure, in accordance with the spirit of the times.

RELATIONS OF MIND AND MATTER.

In offering a few words on the relations of mind and matter, we do not propose to treat the subject dogmatically. Our aim is simply to place ourselves by the side of other inquirers, with the wish, rather than the expectation, of shedding light upon it. But in fields of this description, the investigator reaps a reward in the labor itself. Every new effort of the mind adds to its strength. Each higher flight prepares one's wings for something loftier still. The first reception of a thought or principle, if it be of any considerable magnitude, is necessarily partial. We can not grasp everything at once; but these first steps are important as leading on to others—as a prelude to that fuller knowledge and mastery of nature toward which the human mind so constantly aspires.

Matter may be defined to be substance extended, having a body, whether visible or tangible, or not. Light, caloric, electricity and magnetism, are classed with earth, wood and stone, under the head of matter. Substance must be held to include something more. Substance is *being*, that which really is, whether it have a tangible-visible body, or any body, or not. Thus thoughts are substantial entities. They do more work than hands in molding the affairs of the world, in adjusting social relations, in revolutionizing nations, in developing mankind. Love is substance. On our loves hinge our happiness or misery, more than on all beside. We know that our loves are real, living and substantial, though they are not material. Our Spirit friends in communicating with us, often make this distinction between matter and substance. Swedenborg has done the same.

This necessary distinction will enable us, or at least aid us, to separate the different planes on which we act—the mental, the affectional and the material—from each other, and to contemplate them as distinct realities. From the nature of our external conformation, and our delving all our lives here in matter, matter becomes to us in seeming the only substance. All else at first thought is unreal. But when we examine a little farther, we discover our error. Matter then proves to be the unreal, the changeable, the perishable; while mind and affection are imperishable and eternal.

In our attempts to convert these spiritual planes of our being into solid realms and peopled cities, tangible to us, all illustrations taken from natural things must at best be imperfect. Greater successes will attend our examinations of ourselves. Within himself each may find these planes spread out for his survey, and by due research, may convince himself that on them he chiefly lives, moves and acts, and must continue to live, move and act; and a familiarity with them will in the end transform them in his consciousness, into a world more substantial than material iron or granite.

But how shall we be able to realize the existence of a world, or of a Spirit, separate from matter? Perhaps we can not fully. Perhaps it is not necessary that we should, inasmuch as we expect always to some extent to remain conjoined to matter; inasmuch as the heavens themselves, and Spirits, even in their celestial development, are still supposed to retain something from the rudimental material through which they have been outwrought. Still, separate from matter, and separate from our ultimate spiritual bodies, remains the soul, the life within—the *substance*, the root, the power, of all which we have ever been, or can be; and around this center of our being circle the worlds of thought and affection, like planets round a sun.

Worlds of this description, it will be seen, may germinate vegetation and produce fruits without exhaustion—forces of this nature may act forever and *create*, without depletion. The inception of a thought and its utterance take nothing from the mind. On the contrary it is enriched by elaborating and giving. The more it dispenses to others, the greater is its capacity to confer. So is it also with the world of love. The more flowers and fruits it bears, the more it may. The more our affections are exercised and developed, the more love we have to bestow.

The mind that is accustomed to see nothing beyond matter, will find a difficulty in clothing mere thoughts and loves with a garment of substantiality, or in other words, as it is sometimes expressed, of "making something out of nothing." But mind is not a *nothing*. It is a *something*, far more real than matter; and as we have seen, it is of such a quality that it can "produce" other somethings, without exhaustion of its supplies, or diminishing itself. Illustrations of this principle exist on the natural plane. The sun of our system has furnished light—a substance outflowing from it in volumes not to be measured, for myriads of successive ages; but does any one suppose that in this rich and benevolent labor, that grand orb has impoverished himself in the least—lost any of his substance?

The sun is a generator of natural forces, electrical and magnetic; and in this respect is a symbol of creative mind. As the human soul thinks and loves, so the sun shines and warms; and both may be regarded as illustrations of the *modus* of the Deity in his material creations. Mind consumes no part of itself in its constructions. It is the prime motor of the Universe, furnishing a base, and standing behind all else with its exhaustless potency. This is the order of construction on the natural plane. It must be the same on the spiritual. Just how it originally produced matter, we may not be able to comprehend; but that mind is the central power and creative principle of all things, seems written with a beam of light on everything that is.

ON KICKING.

"But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked."—Deut. 32: 15.

The *Tribune* has an "occasional correspondent" who hails from Boston, and signs himself "Byles." In the morning issue of May 2, there is a letter from "Byles," devoted to Spiritualism. "Byles," it would seem, has been mistaken for some other odd genius, who addresses mankind from the platform of the letter Q, and has something to do with the "Spiritualist Question," with which he by no means wishes to be mixed up, and so naturally desires to allay public excitement on that point. He evidently objects to shouldering all the ultraisms and fanaticisms extant, and this "last gallinipper" of *Spiritualism* makes him restive.

Now, if (as we more than suspect) "Byles" and Edmund Quincy do interchangeably wear the same coat, and invariably sleep in the same bed, then are there respectable folk not a few, indeed *all* the pious and right-minded conservators of things as they are, who do most religiously hold that "Byles" the aforesaid is so thoroughly tainted with *isms* as to be wholly beyond the power of salt. Under these circumstances it is naturally soothing to the feelings to be able to join the chorus of protestation which now swells the throat of the conservative public against modern Spiritualism. It is a good thing to be able to say to some Rev. Dr. Southside: "You see, Doctor, while I am unhappily compelled to disagree with you in respect to some *carnal* matters, I can kick this new spiritual absurdity as heartily as yourself." In fact, human nature will have its kick at something. The moment it waxes fat, like Jeshurun, it begins to kick. The most thoroughly snubbed Sambo in all the South does doubtless find a nigger under him, in his own imagination at least, upon whom he can safely gratify his share of the common propensity, and is thus kindly supplied by nature with the needed solace. In fact, if there be one right of man more inalienable than another, it is beyond question the *right to kick*.

The *New York Tribune* itself has been for years the common kicking target of the whole Orthodox world. In fact that institution has been kicked until it has become a sort of moral incarnation not only of Jack Bunsby's oracular wisdom, but of his experience as well, for it "*rather like it*," and now, having waxed fat under the exercise, it honors the universal law, by lifting its sanctified hoof now and then at modern Spiritualism, with as much holy zeal as any Doctor of Divinity in the land.

The same is true of Brother "Byles" and his compeers. Capt. Rynders and his merry men for several years used to head the annual procession of saints which, during anniversary week, was wont to exemplify to the assembled piety of the land, that *kicking them was doing God most essential service*, inasmuch as it was in reality kicking heresy out of the Church, and discord, or liberty, which is the same thing, in their estimation, out of the Union. So, "Byles" and his troop of *isms* have been kicked into some consequence at last; and to maintain the grand equilibrium so essential to the preservation of the universe, *must* have something in turn to kick at, on *their own account*; and what but Spiritualism would bear this conservative visitation of shoe-leather? He and his friends have been kicked themselves for every *ism* of which the most fertile Boston imagination could conceive, *but that*; and as man must kick or die, there was no safe alternative but Spiritualism to take the drubbing.

Beside, what a comfort it must be to him to find one little oasis in the desert of eternal warfare, on which he can stand as on a common platform, and "*strike hands*" not only with "the oppressor," but with all the men and opinions with which he has battled for so many years—to be able to manifest the same facetious repugnance to the "society of just men made perfect," that the most respectable churchman possibly could do. And how refreshing, too, to join that innumerable company of sympathizers, with his repugnance to anything that smacks of immortality, or relates in any degree to the life beyond the grave. It being high *ton* in the religious world to cut your dearest friends the moment you have piled a block of marble over their cast-off garments, and to value your relatives only for what they leave behind them, Byles, for once in his life, is on the popular side, and may with great impunity fling up his heels with the best of them.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of kicking that history affords, and the one to which we would especially invite the attention of all modern kickers against Spiritualism, is that of *Saul of Tarsus*. It would seem that Jerusalem and the adjacent country had been for some time infested with a set of enthusiasts, who kept up a perpetual din in the popular ear, about "*one Jesus* which was dead," as all reputable people said, but whom they "*affirmed to be alive*!" Well, exclaimed the whole generation of Byles then extant, suppose he is; can't he take himself quietly off without boring us with his company? What shocking bad taste, to be sure! There was this "*one Jesus*" all snugly and comfortably executed according to the most orthodox and scientific style of the day, with a body of picked men to mount guard over his bones, and yet without the good manners, as the Byles party said, to lie still, but must needs intrude himself, not alone upon the society of his vulgar friends, who were actually stupid enough to be edified by his visitation, but upon the company of certain very respectable gentlemen while on a journey of pleasure and piety to a neighboring city.

As we were saying, these fantasticals, who behaved to the religion and respectability of their time much as some of our Boston friends do to the "patriarchal institution" and its advocates of our day, did so *rasp* up the ire of Saul, that at length he lifted up his foot to kick them out of the way, and finally *both feet*; and, so manfully did he keep the ball rolling, that in due time he took the command of the select party of gentlemen just alluded to, in order to perform the more expeditiously what Sam Weller would call a *complicated kick*, on the fanatics of Damascus. This, however, was Saul's *last kick*. We learn from the history that he suffered some by the recoil; but be that as it may, we commend the story as related by himself, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts, to the special notice of "Byles," with the friendly caution that he had better read it near the meridian of some sunshiny day, not only on account of the delicacy of his constitution, which might otherwise suffer from his natural "fear of ghosts," but also for the reason that the story reads better and seems to *mean* more, being perused in good, wholesome daylight, than when studied, as it generally has been, by aid of the artificial illumination of mere gas.

"The Herald of Light."

A notice of the first Number of this new Monthly, edited by Rev. T. L. Harris, is in type, but unavoidably crowded out, with several other matters intended for insertion in this week's issue. They will appear in our next.

MR. BRITTAN'S STATEMENT.

Bro. Brittan has published, in the first number of his *Spiritual Age*, a labored and lengthy statement of the financial results of our late copartnership, which confirms the essential facts and figures in my statement, under date of the 25th of April.

In one item, however, which transpired nearly six years since, relying more on his recollection than his note given at the time, Mr. B. assumes to think I have made a mistake of \$100. Be this as it may, it is scarcely worth mentioning in an amount of thousands. I am sorry to see manifested, through various circumlocutions, a disposition to twist my kind words and good intentions into bad ones—to virtually make his own neglect to furnish himself with a set of our publications the occasion of an appeal to the sympathies of his readers. I also regret that he feels in the slightest degree disturbed that my simple statement of facts confirms what he has particularly set forth in his late valedictory, in the following words: "The constant labor of eleven years has left me neither purse nor scrip, and without a dwelling place, or so much as six feet of common earth to rest upon." I offered to dissolve copartnership or continue together as we were, and in either case pay him \$1200 per annum, which he declined, and demanded \$2,000, which I did not feel that the business warranted, or that our cause or humanity demanded it at my hands. If he gets up a paper that will afford his price, with other expenses, I certainly shall rejoice with him.

Mr. B. has in this case deemed it proper to draw largely on an excited imagination, and to deal extensively in unwarrantable inferences, even to giving the *appearance (by arrangement of type)* of a written contract of copartnership, instead of a verbal one, and gives an *ex parte* statement of it, for the true one. Our readers being generally matter-of-fact people, I do not think they would be interested in a discussion of innuendoes, neither do I think that such discussions add to the capital, at least, of *true* human sympathies; and I therefore dismiss the whole subject, by re-affirming my statements and figures as true.

Notwithstanding Mr. Brittan's seemingly unkind inferences, he bears, in connection with them, the following unequivocal testimony at the close of a long and pecuniarily unfortunate copartnership:

"I feel assured that Bro. Partridge has many generous impulses; and it is by no means denied that he has made many personal sacrifices for the sake of his principles. I rejoice to know that fortune has smiled on his path, and afforded him abundant facilities for gratifying the benevolent desires of his heart. I am not willing to believe that he would do me or any one an intentional injury."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

DEMOLITION AND DEMOLISHERS.

As we write, the sounds of crashing, smashing, slashing, dashing, are heard from the window of our new sanctum, while clouds of dust are borne upward on the eddying winds. Brickbats, joists and window frames are tumbling pell-mell to the ground, threatening the sconces of the unwary pedestrians who may approach. The building occupied in part by us as an office and bookstore until Friday last, whose hither extremity extended to the alley opposite our new quarters, is fast disappearing under the strokes of pickaxe and crowbar. Already the room in which four days ago we sat puzzling over illegible manuscripts, or cudgeling our weary brain to wake up a bright idea, has become undistinguishably confounded with the "empty, vast and wandering air;" and ere this paper shall have reached our distant subscribers, the whole devoted edifice shall be razed to its foundation,

"And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

Even the old Tabernacle in the rear, that seminary of fanaticism and reform, that asylum of negro minstrelsy and religion, that *omnium gatherum* of the odds and ends of all folly and all wisdom, is doomed to suffer the iconoclastic blow, and the whole space is to be occupied by another one of those magnificent palaces with which enterprise and architectural skill have been decorating our principal public thoroughfare during the last few years.

But list! another crash, causing the ground to tremble as by the throes of a young earthquake! A few strokes and wrenches from those brawny arms wielding the destructive handspike, and a whole section of brick wall, the work of a fortnight, is hurled into chaos! How incomparably more easy

and expeditious is the work of demolition than that of construction! How much less skill, talent and effort does it require! and how emphatically applicable is this remark to the *moral* as well as the *physical* sphere of human activity! The beautiful Etruscan vase, that has cost the diligent application of the sculptor's chisel during many weary months, may be reduced to fragments in an instant by the stroke of a rowdy's bludgeon, or by the kick of an unruly jackass; and so the beautiful structure of Truth which may have cost a long life of labor to discover and embody in an intelligible form of expression, and which, if patiently studied and generally understood and received, would redeem a world from error and sin, may be rendered practically powerless to multitudes for years, and even for ages, by the captious misrepresentations or low witticisms of one who perhaps has neither the brains to comprehend it, nor the heart to feel its importance!

If the propensity to destroy should ever be indulged, either in the moral or physical world, it should be with ulterior designs similar to those that have put in motion the brawny arms that are now leveling the walls visible from our windows, viz., that a *new and more beautiful* edifice may be reared in the place of that which is overthrown. Of those disciples of negation, those apostles of unfaith, those moral Ishmaelites, whose hands are against every teaching or belief, however earnest or sincere, which does not come fully within the scope of their five senses, and who are continually endeavoring to *overthrow* and not to *build up*, we have little farther to say than that if the world of mentality were abandoned to *their* rule, it would soon be devastated of every expansive and interior thought, of every genial and humanitarian aspiration, of every devout and religious affection, and immersed in a cold wintry night of sensualism and selfishness. Their name is Abaddon.

A COLLOQUY.

SCENE—Telegraph Office on moving day. Enter Mr. Flint, approaching to where Mr. Steel was standing, and picking up a copy of our paper:

Mr. Flint.—SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, eh! Umph!—Well, I never could understand how people can be such confounded fools as to believe that departed Spirits revisit the earth.

Mr. Steel.—There are several things which you don't understand, my dear friend, and among other things, you don't quite understand what you are talking about.

Mr. Flint.—Umph! Well, perhaps not, but this idea seems a very foolish one to me.

Mr. Steel.—Would you, Sir, like to know who they are who believe in spiritual manifestations?

Mr. Flint.—I would; describe them if you please.

Mr. Steel.—They are those who think that there are a few things in this wide and boundless universe which the human mind has not yet quite grasped, and whose "foolishness," as you are pleased to term it, consists in postponing judgment on some of these until they have heard, seen, and thoroughly investigated them. Now do you desire to know who are the most inveterate opposers of Spiritualism?

Mr. Flint.—Yes, if you please.

Mr. Steel.—They are those who are able to say precisely what is true and what is false before they know the first thing about it; they are those who, even on reading the *title* of that paper (the TELEGRAPH) and without looking farther to see what it contains, are able to exclaim, "Fools! how can any one believe, on *whatever* grounds, that Spirits revisit the earth?" These, Sir, are the strongest opposers of Spiritualism.

Mr. Flint.—Umph! Well, it may be so. Good day, Sir. (Exit Mr. Flint.)

Side remark.—Mr. Flint, in striking Mr. Steel, blunted his sharp edge, but in the concussion a spark of fire was emitted.

Christian Spiritualist Discontinued.

The closing Number of the third Volume of the *Christian Spiritualist*, published on the 2d instant, comes to us with the announcement that its course is now finished. Its publication, as it states, "commenced with the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, and ends with it." We are sorry that we shall hereafter be deprived of its weekly visits. During the last year more particularly, we have regarded the *Spiritualist* as among the most valuable of our spiritual publications. It has been supported chiefly by the munificence of one individual, who during the last three years has expended no less than \$25,000 upon it and other matters pertaining to the cause, connected with the office of its publication—thus displaying a zeal worthy of all commendation.

INVESTIGATING CLASS.

This class met, as usual, at the house of Mr. Partridge, Wednesday evening, April 27th, 1857, the question being:

"Is there a sphere or world of life for man, other and beyond this natural world and the Spirit-world?"

Mr. Partridge expressed the opinion that there are phenomena in the other life corresponding to what we call death *here*, as attending the elevation of the Spirit from lower to higher spheres of existence; but that the change grows less and less sensible at each successive step of the Spirit's ascension through the upper worlds.

Mr. S. P. Andrews thought that if there was death in the Spirit-world, there must be dead bodies to bury, which could scarcely be presumed to be the case.

Mr. Partridge referred to the fact that Spirit-bodies are created and dissipated without the knowledge of other Spirits, as seemingly removing the objection to his previous remark.

He thought the conscious surroundings of a Spirit, the forms and substances of the externals—its body even—marked its progress through worlds. Hence, if we call this world in which we live in these earth-forms, the first world, and the one which immediately succeeds what we call death, the second or Spirit-world, the next phenomenon of the Spirit changing a gross form or substance for a more sublimated form and substance, may again mark a division of worlds, and constitute the opening into the third heaven or world, or, as it is sometimes called, the celestial heavens. As evidences that there is "a world of life for man beyond this natural world and the Spirit-world," he referred to the analogies in nature, the testimony of St. Paul, and the Spirits that are in these days in communication with mortals; and especially to the testimony of several Spirits who had communicated with him.

Dr. O. H. Wellington urged as a presumptive evidence against the hypothesis that death occurred in the Spirit-world, the fact that the Spirits had never said anything about the occurrence of such changes.

Mr. S. P. Andrews said that he suspects that the whole of the spiritual-world which we cognize, or of which we have any possible means of becoming cognizant, has originated from the human family planted on this earth, and which has existed here comparatively a short time. Hence he thinks, whatever may be the future limit, if any, upon the development of Spirits into still more refined and subtle states of existence than that which we now mean by spiritual, the actual development is limited by the highest state attained by the great men of this earth of the past historical period. If we can get, therefore, at reliable communications from these great souls who have gone before us into the Spirit-world, he thinks we need look for nothing higher or beyond.

Mr. A. believes, on grounds all of which he will not attempt to explain now, that this little earth, small as it is, is the spiritual center of our solar system, and probably of the Universe, as the sun is the material center of this system. He greatly suspects the accounts of Swedenborg, Andrew Jackson Davis and others, with regard to the inhabitation of the other planets by human beings, and the meeting in the Spirit-world of Spirits from those planets. A being to inhabit Mercury must be a salamander, and not a man; and to inhabit Neptune, he must be equally adapted to cold and darkness as the other to the intensity of heat and light. The conditions necessary to sustain human life are very delicate, and require the nicest adjustment in every particular. Spiritual development must also be everywhere exactly adjusted to the material. Hence, although some sort of creatures may exist everywhere where there is matter, it does not follow, and it can not be rationally presumed, that they are human unless the conditions are such as human existence demands. The liability to Psychology in entering into relations with the Spirit-world must always be borne in mind, and will account for many a marvel in the visions of Swedenborg, and in the reveries of modern mediums.

Dr. Wellington said that our remarks could not have much point until we determined what was the precise meaning of the phrase "Spirit world," and the limit understood to be assigned to that in this question.

We all understand that there are spheres or grades of development in the life beyond the grave, but he does not understand what is meant by "sphere or world of life," as used here. He understood that the power of Spirits to communicate, and

the interest they feel in this valuable privilege, are mainly dependent upon two things:

1. A necessity that Spirits who desired more development than they had the opportunity to secure while on the earth, should be able to secure this by voluntary *rapport* with a Spirit in the body who desired to live out that element of earth-life in which the Spirit is deficient.

2. Also on the fact that when a Spirit leaves the body, it carries with it more or less of the magnetic aura which was peculiar to itself while acting in and through the earthly body, and which it gradually throws off. The amount or power of this magnetism will depend for each individual upon the attachment of the Spirit to the earth and earthly relations, at the time of the death of the body.

The more the soul aspires to learn the facts and principles of Spirit life, the less it will cling to earth, and the less of magnetic power it will take with it, and consequently the less ability it will have to make physical manifestations.

This last has an important relation to hereditary or family tendencies to certain forms of disease, particularly consumption and hypochondria. It has been repeatedly observed that when a dying friend pronounces the name of another member of the family, that person will be the next to die, and generally with the same disease. Now it will be found that in these cases the person whose name is spoken is a peculiar favorite of the dying friend. This affection leads the spirit to hover around the survivor who on his part thinks much of the departed, and thus attracts to himself the magnetic aura which produces some effects like the last experience which the Spirit friend had in his own body, and which tends to the same form of physical disease in the surviving friend. This is illustrated in the experience of almost every medium.

We often see mediums who undergo each time a Spirit influences them, similar sensations to those of the last sickness of the Spirit friend. The effect of this is so serious that the most sensitive mediums often object to the influence of a Spirit whose experience at death was peculiarly trying.

Sometimes when a Spirit influences a medium, the feelings of the Spirit while in the sphere of the medium, will suggest its last experience in its own body, and produce similar manifestations, unless the will of the medium and the Spirit and the friends unite to prevent it.

It will be seen that where such a Spirit hovers around a surviving friend with whom it is in earnest sympathy, it will exert an influence on that friend, similar to that on such a medium, even though it be in a very slight degree.

But if this be continued, month after month, it will promote the progress in the survivor of the disease of which the Spirit died in proportion to the survivor's susceptibility, and the nearness of their magnetic *rapport*.

Dr. Wellington cited several instances in his medical practice, where good effects had evidently resulted from requesting Spirit friends to recognize this fact, and guard against leaving influence on the surviving friends.

Mr. Andrews accepts the two reasons assigned by Dr. Wellington for the return of Spirits to earth, as among the reasons which exist, and thinks the relations of this subject to health, as suggested by the doctor, very important. There is, however, another and higher reason for Spirit intercourse. The highest Spirits in the Heavens are, he thinks, now the most anxious to come into sympathetic relations with this earth, moved by pure benevolence and love, and so soon as they can find competent mediums for the deliverance of their higher truths, and parties here ready to accept and to entertain them, that Spiritualism will obtain a much higher form. He thinks that there are not probably more than a dozen persons in the whole world who are simply ready and willing to receive or know the truth on all subjects. Prejudice stands in the way of a perfectly free communication of celestial truths.

An interesting discussion and interchange of thought was enjoyed between the parties present, a more full report of which we are compelled to omit.

A SPIRIT RUNNING A SAW.—The people along Barber's Run, in Jefferson County, Ohio, are greatly excited. The sound of a man sharpening a saw has been heard at a point on the run, night after night, in a "sunless glen whose sunken shrubs must weep." Just the place for a ghost! When the quidnuncs approach the sounds cease, and commence on their retiring. The sawyer, unlike children, prefers to be heard, not seen. Tradition affirms that many years back a saw-mill owner was mysteriously shot in that vicinity.

Original Communications.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF MR. WOOD.

Mr. Alonzo Wood, from the distant Territory of Oregon, writes us a long letter, in which he details some interesting facts of his own experience. Though Mr. Wood is fifty-seven years old, and never has sat in a circle where communications were obtained, nevertheless, he is evidently a medium for spiritual manifestations. His experiences, it appears, commenced as far back as 1831, in Indiana, and were thence transferred to Oregon, he having intermediately resided both in Texas and Missouri. Mr. W. is a plain farmer, but his simple statements, which we are obliged somewhat to abridge, will be read with interest.

OCCURRENCES IN PARK COUNTY, INDIANA.

Editor of the Telegraph—I will give you an account of some strange circumstances which transpired within my own knowledge. Soon after settling in Park County, Indiana, I let my farm out to a man for six years, and moved off; but it so happened that about three years after, he suddenly sickened and died. By the wish of the widow I took back the farm, and moved on it again. This was in the spring of 1831.

We had not been there but a short time when we began to hear strange noises about the house. The first was a sound like a child's pop-gun, very loud, in different parts of the room over our heads. It would come a little after dark in the evening, and continue for several evenings in succession; and invariably increasing, it would give us a good volley or round, as a boy would naturally do in a playful mood. Then it would cease altogether for the time, and be superseded by something else. Our table, for instance, would crack as though all the glue was bursting loose, and would shake to that degree that the leaves would rattle and clatter against the legs with a loud noise while no one was touching it, and everything else in the room was still. This performance with the table usually commenced in the afternoon, and would continue as late as 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening.

But the occurrences that took place around the bed, which stood in the corner of the room where the man died, were more remarkable still. The bed itself took to shaking fully as bad as the table; and around it were to be heard the usual sounds of a sick room, as loud and natural and distinct, as though the dead man had still been there in person, and suffering all the horrors of his disease.

We lived in a rough log cabin, with a rough door which fastened with a wooden pin. This pin would frequently fly out and the door come open. I fastened the pin with a string, but still it would fly out and strike the door heavily, so as to make a loud noise.

Other extraordinary sounds still occurred in that house. There would be noises in the loft, as though a person had been standing on the ridge-pole with a large armful of clapboards, which he would let fall all at once, so as to shake the whole loft powerfully, timbers and all. I would hasten up stairs to see if I could discover the cause, but never could. I spared no pains to find out the cause of all these things by every kind of examination, but to no purpose; and I am ready and willing to qualify in the most sacred manner to their truth as here set forth.

I lived in that house, and was a steady observer of what took place there, for more than three years—from February, 1831, to September, 1834—when I removed with my family to Texas.

HAUNTED HOUSE IN PERRY COUNTY, INDIANA.

In 1837, I stopped with my family to winter in a log cabin in Perry county, Indiana, near the bank of the Ohio river, when an honest old Dutchman came to me and said he thought I would not stay there long, as the house was haunted. Several families had tried to live in it, but could not. I replied that I was used to haunted houses, and I should stay there till spring, which I did.

Within a few nights we began to hear the noises spoken of. The first was a sound as though some one was walking slowly back and forth across the floor every way, as distinct and natural as though a living person had been there. This would happen after we had all gone to bed. Next we would hear a noise as of money falling from the loft above upon the floor. It would sound as though there were at least one hundred silver dollars, and they would strike and roll around the floor, making a beautiful noise. We would frequently hear something as though a large round backstick had rolled down from off the backlog, in our fire-place, and out upon the floor.

One bright moonlight evening, the ground being covered with crusted snow, and very frosty, as I was at the door, I heard a company of what seemed to be six or eight horsemen coming through the woods. I told my folks we should have company, as it was so cold the party would at least stop and warm. The noise came nearer and nearer, the party seeming to ride close together, but strange enough I could see nothing. The sound passed close by me, perhaps a rod off, over the unbroken smooth-crusted snow, without leaving a track, and went on and away; while I listened and could plainly hear the sound of the horses' feet, and the horses throwing the snow, until it was lost in the distance.

We also heard various other noises while in this house, like the falling of a person or dead body from the loft upon the floor, and like fowls when thrown down a chimney, flapping their wings, and scratching with their claws, in order to save themselves from falling. The Dutchman told me that the house had been built by a young man, a bachelor, who opened a coal-bed close by, but suddenly disappeared; and though great inquiry had been made, what became of him had never been discovered. This account also I am not deceived in, but am willing to make oath of its truth.

THE SPIRITS IN OREGON.

Now for occurrences that have come within my hearing and seeing since I have been living in Oregon.

One Sunday as I was engaged reading Ambler's *Spirit Messenger*, affairs being somewhat troublesome in the house, I took a chair and went out to my granary. I had not been there long, before I heard a loud rapping between and back of my shoulders on the weather-boarding, beating a tune. I examined, and there was no one around but myself. The playing continued for several minutes, ceased, and soon after was repeated again.

At another time I rode out about five miles from home, and stepped into a house which some carpenters were engaged finishing off, but they were all gone to dinner. I had barely got into the doorway when I heard a beautiful tune played on some stringed instrument. O, it was melodious, and continued for several minutes. I stepped out and it ceased. I was lost in wonder. On going in again, it gave me another tune, seemingly better than before, which continued eight or ten minutes. It then ceased, and I heard it no more. I could see all about the house, and am sure there was no living thing there but myself.

Again, as one of my sons was sitting at a table, to see if some Spirit could not write through his hand, as it was getting late in the evening I requested him to go to bed. There was a lamp burning on the table, which consisted of a tea-saucer of oil set on the top of a tin quart cup. As he shoved back from the table and got up, the lamp, or saucer, rose up from the top of the quart cup and moved moderately and steadily down upon the table, about six or eight inches from the cup, carrying itself so level that not a drop of the grease was spilled. This I clearly saw, and my son and two others, making four in all. . . . I removed to Oregon in 1846.

OREGON TERRITORY, January 2, 1857.

HAUNTED HOUSE IN SALEM.

SALEM, MASS., April 13, 1857.

MESSES. EDITORS TELEGRAPH:

I send you an account of some manifestations that took place in Salem about three years ago. The gentleman who furnished me with the facts saw and heard all that is here narrated. He is now connected with the Spiritualist movement, and takes a great interest in all its developments.

He was then a boy about thirteen years old, living in the family where this took place. The family consisted of seven persons. The house where these manifestations were given had just been purchased and was being put in repair, painted, papered, etc. It was an old large three story house, with the entries as they are in old fashioned houses, most of them in the center of the house. He was requested to go to the house to see to a fire that had been kindled for the purpose of drying, and to see that the house was locked up. While in one of the lower rooms (this was after the time when any one would be at work) he heard a man walking round, heard the scissors used, taken up and thrown down, as in papering. He went immediately up stairs, expecting to find the man at work. There was no one there; he went all over the house; no one was in it, and there was no appearance of any one. He went back to the house, and was laughed at for his foolish imagination, as it was termed, but which turned out to be something else as the sequel will show.

The repainting of the house was finished, and the family moved in. We don't have such a hurry-scurry in Salem as you in New York do when you move; we move when we please. One evening they were sitting in the kitchen, when there was a knocking at the door. One of them went and opened the door, of course, but there was no one there. This was repeated almost every night, and the house was so situated that if any one was in the street or around the house, he could have been seen before he could have a chance to go away. The windows were rapped upon; the door bell rung violently; persons would be heard coming down stairs, but if, when apparently half way down, one would go to the stairs, no person would be found. One evening while the family were sitting, the acqueduct in the cellar was heard running with full force. Upon going down the cellar was dry. There was a barn connected with the house, in which was a large wood-pile. This was heard to fall down, but when presently examined, it was found as before. An employee of the owner of the house slept in the house some time, and one night about ten o'clock, he said a man came into his room and stopped in front of his bed. Upon being asked who he was, he vanished away. This was repeated several times. This man was always very brave before that, but the next night he went home to sleep.

But the crowning manifestation was the following: A friend in the country sent him in the fall a large quantity of produce, among which were three barrels of walnuts, which were stored in the attic. All at once, one evening these nuts were heard to pour all over the stairs, which were uncarpeted; and you may imagine what a sound three barrels of nuts would make. They were heard plainly; the whole family, taking a light went to the stairs; there was no appearance of nuts, or any disturbance whatever. The nuts were in the barrel-headed up, as safe as they were when first put there. You may know that the noise was heard plainly, for my informant states that he certainly expected to see the nuts there, and was very much disappointed when he found it was not so, as he had anticipated a good pocket-full at least. He was a boy, and there could certainly be no imagination in it.

This story is correct in every particular. The house is still standing in Salem; the parties are well known, and they are persons that can be relied upon for veracity. I give the facts just as they are, without comment, and leave your readers to draw their own conclusions.

J. A. BASSETT.

DEATH.

BY S. M. PETERS.

The mother sat beside her dying babe,
And prayed, "O, Father! stay the hand of Death!"
But ere the words had left her trembling lips,
Its little soul was gone, she knew not where.
And then she clasped that form of lifeless clay,
Pouring the torrent of a stricken heart
Upon the power that summoned hence her child.
"O Death! thou black and bitter curse!" she cried;
"My greatest loss is nothing gained to thee:
Then why stretch forth thy fiendish hand to steal
This jewel from my breast? Was it but given
To be forever taken from my sight,
Leaving its image mirrored on my soul?"
When thus the dark-winged messenger replied:
"Daughter of earth, upbraid me not in vain;
You do mistake me; never was I known
Aright by minds like thine. All through the past
Have foulest deeds been coupled with my name,
When Truth was faintly struggling through the mists
That hung in sable folds around your sphere.
Do not belie the star of Bethlehem,
That shone so brightly o'er Judea's plains,
Finished its course behind the seven hills:
Believe it not, for truth can never die;
And though 'twas driven from this lower sky,
It left a few, dim, straggling rays behind,
That even now can pierce the darkest mind.
O ye who utter that unmeaning boast,
"We read the sacred volume for ourselves,"
Open the book on which you build your faith,
And read the promises of Him who taught
By Jordan and the sea of Galilee,
And if you find such doctrines as are rife
Wherever priestcraft holds despotic sway,
Then will I own Death is a bitter curse.
I am a messenger between two spheres,
To call the pilgrims to their journey hence:
I see the young, the middle-aged, the old,
Eater with joy upon the higher life;
I see the murderer and the libertine
Falter along, filled with remorse and shame;
But never yet, of all the myriad hosts,
Have I seen one who (if he had the power)
Would put again his mortal body on.
Waste not your tears upon that soulless form;
'Tis not your child; that cast-off garment holds
Naught of the life, the budding intellect,
So lately beaming there: she is not there;
A moment since, the ransomed seraph flew
Beyond that dreaded gulf you call the grave,
And shining angels on the other side
Received her in their arms. Then learn from this
That Death is but a messenger between
The visible and the immortal worlds.
Brief is the shadowy space that intervenes,
Though long and frightful may the journey seem
To the perverted, misdirected mind."

IS IT MESMERIC THOUGHT-READING?

MR. PARTRIDGE:

BOSTON, April 19, 1857.

Subjoined is an account of a very remarkable *spiritual manifestation*, by the greatest astronomer this country has ever produced, the far-famed and world-renowned Dr. Bowditch, given to his son, about a year and a half since. It was published at that time in a communication from the latter (who is a lawyer), to a paper in this city called the *Transcript*, under the title of "Gleaner;" but has never appeared in any spiritual paper. As I think it would interest your readers very much, and furnishes another striking evidence of spiritual interposition, I will thank you to republish it in the TELEGRAPH.

Respectfully, etc.,

WM. S. ANDREWS.

We publish the essential facts set forth in the article, omitting those details and remarks which are presumed to contain nothing novel to our readers. After alluding to the late Robert Shaw as being a believer, before his death, in spiritual intercourse, from which he derived much consolation, and some remarks upon the now totally exploded theory of Mahan, the writer says:—[E.]

The mesmeric theory supposes that you get, as it were, a mere reflection of your own thoughts, belief, or wish—and in a vast majority of cases such is undoubtedly the fact; but the answers which I have obtained have been sometimes wholly unexpected. Thus, one day last winter, I was passing through Washington-street, and inadvertently went along the side-walk of a building from which persons were breaking off masses of ice and frozen snow. One of these masses fell, and, hearing cries of warning, I shrank up close to the wall, and it just grazed my shoulder and elbow, and then shivered to pieces on the side-walk. I felt that I had had a narrow escape from certain death. I was then on my way to Mr. Hayden's, where I went immediately. No one else was present. I said mentally, "What happened to me as I was coming here?" The alphabet spelled out: "You came near being

killed." How? "By a fall of ice from the roof of a house." How did it happen that it did not fall upon me and kill me? The Spirit purporting to respond was my father's. The answer began, "I protest." I had supposed that it would state the act of mine which saved me; but when it began with these letters I supposed it would be, "I protest I don't know!" The answer actually given was, "I protected you." How? "By slanting off the ice." This led to a series of questions and answers as to the power of Spirits over matter, etc.

So, also, at a session, in company with a distinguished clergyman of this city, I asked of a certain "Spirit," purporting to be present, whether a certain other was there also. One rap, or No. Can you get him? Three raps, or Yes. Do so, and as soon as he comes, both of you rap. In a few minutes their raps were heard accordingly. In the mean time another Spirit was communicating, and had just finished a sentence with the word "oncle." I remarked aloud to my friend, "You see it is all right except one letter." I then turned to communicate with the Spirit sent for. Immediately many raps were heard of the same faint character. The medium said, "The one you have been communicating with, wishes to say something more." Whereupon, resuming that communication, the alphabet spelled out "u," and then left off. I said, Proceed. One rap, or No. I said, is that all? Three raps, or Yes. I reflected for a moment, and exclaimed, O you mean that u is the right letter where I said one letter was wrong? Immediately affirmative raps came several times repeated. I said, Then rap backward from the end of your communication, once for each letter, till you get to the wrong letter, and I will strike it out and substitute u. Five raps then came, and I changed the o to u. I then said, Is it now right? and got the same cordial affirmative. When "u" came, I had not the slightest idea that it was to be a correction of "o."

TRUTH FROM A METHODIST PULPIT.

FLUSHING, April 1, 22, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:

I attended the Methodist church in this place on last Sabbath, expecting to hear the Rev. Mr. Birch, their stated preacher, in whom I had often been much interested because of the fearless manner in which he sets forth his ideas, which are often original and rather progressive in sentiment. He has preached one sermon recently, in which his effort seemed to be to disprove the existence of a personal devil. Whatever his ideas are, whenever they are put forth in the form of a Sermon's on the Lord's day, no matter how original and truthful they are, I find, in conversation with many of the members of his church, that the Methodist always believed such ideas as the minister had put forth. But on the day alluded to, Mr. B. was absent, attending the Conference in Brooklyn, and a Mr. M. preached in his stead, taking for his text Hebrews, 12th chapter, from the 18th verse to the close. He passed over the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st verses, without giving any explanation as to their meaning. The 22d, 23d and 24th verses seemed to occupy a good share of his time. They read as follows:

"But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

In his exposition of the meaning of these verses, he said that it was a plain record of fact, and that the ancient church did hold communion with the Spiritual World, and it was no more true then than now. He felt very confident that there were Angels walking up and down the aisles of the Church there. It was a source of consolation to him to believe this, and to feel that the Spirit World was in close proximity to ours, and held communion that was sweet. He could not believe that his friends who had died were at so great a distance but that they were capable of holding intercourse at times with him. He cautioned his hearers in regard to Spiritual Circles, not to be misled by them. It is a question with me whether the reverend gentleman in question, or the Methodists in general, have any method of holding communion with the Spirit World that is not known amongst the Spiritualists.

At the close of the sermon, a resident of the place who often assists in the exercises of the pulpit, and who bears the title of Rev., came forward and closed the exercises of the morning, by prayer, in which he thanked God that He had placed angels to watch over the good of men; also he thanked the Lord that they had the privilege of holding communion with their friends and dear ones that had gone before them. Will some one please inform us Spiritualists in Flushing, whether such preaching would not be more effectual amongst the Methodists if it were more frequent, and once in awhile demonstrated by applying in some way their beautiful theoretic sermons to a test. In conversation with some of the members of this church, they declared that they endorsed the sermon as truth; that the Methodists had always believed in Spirit Communion, and they cited John Wesley to prove it; but they had no fellowship with Rapping Spirits and Trance Mediums.

A. C. B.

VULGARITY OF LIFE.—Man is self-inclined to give himself up to common pursuits. The mind becomes so easily dulled to impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that one should take all possible means to awaken one's perceptive faculty to such objects; for no one can entirely dispense with these pleasures; and it is only the being unaccustomed to the enjoyment of anything good that causes many men to find pleasures in tasteless and trivial objects, which have no recommendation but that of novelty. One ought every day to hear a little song, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if it is possible, to say a few reasonable words.—Goethe.

SPIRITUAL MATTERS IN MANCHESTER, CONN.

MANCHESTER, CONN., April 21, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Hoping that it may not be uninteresting to your readers, I take the liberty of forwarding a brief account of the condition and progress of spiritualism in Manchester. Through the untiring efforts and liberality of friend Parker and a few others at North Manchester and of the Messrs. Cheney, brothers, at South Manchester, we have succeeded in introducing and establishing the Spiritual Philosophy here, upon a foundation which we believe can never be removed. We at present hold public meetings about once in two weeks, alternately at North and South Manchester. We usually have intelligent audiences, very respectable in numbers, and have been favored with such speakers occasionally as S. B. Brittan, Miss A. W. Sprague, Miss Emma F. Jay, A. J. Davis, Heman B. Storer, and others. Of Mr. Storer of New Haven, we wish more particularly to speak, as he is less known, as a trance-speaker, than most other lecturers. We have been so fortunate as to secure his services during the winter and coming summer. Mr. Storer is yet following a mechanical pursuit in New Haven, having as yet confined his public labors mostly to his own city and this place. I feel, however, unwilling that the public should longer remain in ignorance of the wonderful gift committed to his keeping. His style is easy and faultless; his oratory powerful and convincing; and as a deeply philosophical and argumentative speaker, we have yet to hear his superior.

In addition to our public meetings, we have several private circles, and a variety of mediums in process of development. We have powerful physical demonstrations, such as the raising of a heavy table in the light, with a person upon the top of it, in the presence of numerous witnesses, and a variety of other manifestations, which would perhaps be uninteresting to enumerate; and such is the physical power through two of our mediums, that we have confidence to believe that all the wonderful things done at the several Spirit-rooms at the West may yet be accomplished here. Yours for truth, A. W. HELPS.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Passed on to higher life, at his residence in Granby, Oswego county, N. Y., April 12, 1857, CHARLES E. BARNES, in the 67th year of his age. Deceased was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and departed this life with the fullest confidence of a better and happier state of existence. He was a confirmed skeptic, doubting the immortality of the soul, until the summer of 1852, when he began to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. In the winter of 1853-4, he had from his Spirit-mother a communication which permanently established his belief in a future existence! The Spirit, to identify itself, told him many things that had transpired in his father's family, of which the medium was wholly ignorant, and then gave the following: "My son, abstain from the use of tobacco; it is destroying your physical organization that God has given to you for a better purpose." He threw his pipe away, and from that moment did not use tobacco in any form. Spiritualism wrought a radical change in our departed brother, nothing else could have done. In the first place, it established a belief in the immortality of the soul, which made him a happier and better man. In the second place, it destroyed his appetite for tobacco, as he had repeatedly asserted. His disease was dropsy. He was confined wholly to his house but one week previous to his dissolution. He had been unwell some three years, but not alarmed as to the result until early last autumn, when he felt impressed his days were numbered.

ORRIS BARNES.

FREDONIA, April 6, 1857.

Dear Friends,—It was our happy privilege to welcome the venerable friend of our earlier life in the earth sphere, DR. SQUIRE WHITE, to the divine relations of Spirit life. Now if you will be good enough to favor us with the use of your hand, we will write an obituary notice for the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Born into the Spirit world, on the morning of the 2d of April, DR. SQUIRE WHITE, in the 72d year of his age. As the spring bursts from the cold, icy manacles of winter, so has our venerable friend broken from the winter of doubt and uncertainty of earth life, into the eternal springtime of divine life. He says, enough! enough! It is life, and not death. Don't mourn.

PHILO ORTON.
CARLTON TODD.

DO THE DEAD RETURN?—Dr. Johnson, speaking through Imlac, in *Rasselas*, upon the theory of disembodied Spirits, says: "That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or cultivated, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make probable. That it is doubted by single cavilers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

In corroboration of this opinion of the great philosopher and sage, Lord Byron (himself an intense believer in the supernatural), says:

"I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears;
And what is stranger—under this strange head
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
Gains't th' belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will."

Interesting Miscellany.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

Success to the jolly old farmer
Who sings at the tail of the plow,
The monarch of prairies and forest,
'Tis only to God he may bow.
He is surely a fortunate fellow;
He raises his bread and his cheese;
And though hard is his labor in summer,
In winter he lives at his ease.
When the reign of winter is broken,
And spring comes to gladden and bless,
When the flocks in the meadow are sporting,
And the robin is building her nest,
The farmer walks forth to his labor,
And manly and firm is his tread,
As he scatters the seed for his harvest
That yields to the nations their bread.
When his crops are gathered and sheltered,
When his cattle are snug in the fold,
He sits himself down by the fireside
And laughs at the tempest and cold.
A stranger to pride and ambition,
His duty he strives to fulfill,
Determined whatever betide him,
To let the world jog as it will.
His trust is in Him who has given
The seasons, the sunshine and rain,
Who has promised "seed-time and harvest,"
So long as the earth shall remain;
And if from his duties he wander,
Led on by his venturesome will,
Through life and its changing relations
God's providence follows him still.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, HAPPINESS.

"Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace."

Addison, in one of his "Spectators," thus beautifully sets forth some of the philosophy of love, and shows married people how they may avoid much unhappiness:

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; beside that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should take root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse; and at the same time they may hope that the wealth of their friends will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the taste for her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fear and jealousies.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find a hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humor makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we can not be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it, too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humor upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here, therefore, discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn and neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.—Some years ago, a young lady who was going into a northern country, took a seat in the stage coach. For many miles she rode along; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now traveling to his seat. At midday, the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said "Here is an outside passenger. I can not dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterward resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening, was more than pretense.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bed-time." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his children to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong; and when the right impression appeared to be produced, he gave her his hand.

"A CLERICAL EXQUISITE."—The following appears in the *Churchman*:

"When I read my title *de-ah*,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every *fe-ah*,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The above is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watt's celebrated hymn was recently delivered from the deeply recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which some time since so solemnly announced that the "sufferings of the *po-ah* increase with the approach of *wint-ah*," and who from the pulpit is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Gos-pil* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity.

The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poem, electrified them by the following burst from the pulpit, of eloquent and classic declamation:

"Oh! *sin-ah*!
The Judgement is *ne-ah*!
Life is but a *co-pat*!"

Are these the *lab-ahs* of love to which one who has taken upon himself the office of a public *teach-ah* feels himself called? Or is it to be tolerated year after year, that the devotions of a congregation are to be disturbed, the beautiful services of the church desecrated, and the momentous truths of revelation degraded, by their unnecessary and censurable association with these and similar vulgar and irreverent exhibitions?

HOW THE BEAR CAME TO HAVE A SHORT TAIL.—A Norwegian fable satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox who carried a load of fish, and who, in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful; when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurt you a little (said the friendly adviser), for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a bite. The longer the time, the more the fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good strong bite, be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day. —*Fraser's Magazine*.

SLAVE AND COOLEY TRADE.—Information has been received from a correspondent at Havana, of the arrival at that port of the *Florida*, of Boston, commanded by George R. Nickerson, and owned by William Parsons and Franklin Skinner, with 341 coolies, having lost 22 on the passage—17 by natural death and 5 drowned. Two other American ships are soon expected to arrive at Havana, with coolies.

In 1856, there were the following arrivals with coolies: 3 Spanish vessels, with 892; 7 English vessels, with 1,846; 4 American vessels, with 1,910; 1 Dutch vessel, with 319; total, 15 vessels, with 4,967 coolies.

During the first quarter of the present year, there were 4 Dutch arrivals with 1,500 coolies; 1 Peruvian with 340; 1 American with 341, and 1 British with 435. Total, 7 vessels, with 2,616 coolies.

A correspondent at St. Paul de Loanda, writes that the slave trade on that coast is now flourishing. It is said that five vessels have lately left with slaves. The Congo River and its neighborhood have been the head-quarters, and American gold is now quite plenty there, having been brought in vessels which clear from New York—some for Cape de Verdes and some for Loanda, but which seldom arrive at those places. — *Washington Union*.

OLD MEN.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe he will be doing something for himself or his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hours of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Adams, and Howard, and Young, and Newton. The vigor of their lives was not decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the aged man of energy; not the day-laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the drab of gloom. There are scores of gray-headed men we should prefer in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, a harsh word or a frown.

RUSSIAN LONGEVITY.—In a late number of the *Independence Belge*, a death is mentioned which shows the salubrity of the climate of Russia. Some time last month there died in the Russian province of Vilna, on an estate belonging to M. de Medem, a peasant named Michael Kiawelski, who had attained the age of a hundred and thirty-seven years, six months and eleven days. This man, born in a village of the same district, was married for the first time, at the age of nineteen, and was the father by several wives, of thirty-two children, one of whom, a daughter upwards of a hundred years of age, is still living. He had never been seriously ill, but some years before his death complained of being unable to read without spectacles. To the very last day of his life he retained the use of all his faculties, and had a great fund of gaiety. "I believe," he was wont to say, "that death has forgotten me."

JOINING A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—The Methodist Protestant says, one of the last reasons assigned a few days ago, in this city, for leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church and joining a more fashionable congregation, may be found in the following conversation: "Is it possible, Mrs. S.," said one lady to another, "that you are going to leave our church and join at Rev. Dr. —'s?" "Yes," replied the lady, "I have concluded to go with my daughters. They say that the seats in old Eutaw are so close together, that they must either leave off *hops* entirely, or leave the church they have been in the habit of attending. Now, at Dr. —'s, the pews are large and wide, and ladies can get in and out without much trouble. I think I shall have to go with the girls."

VITAL STATISTICS OF BOSTON.—The mortality of Boston for the year 1856 (4253) is equal to a death occurring once in about every two hours of the whole period. There is a great variance, however, in the number of deaths daily. The lowest number on any one day was four, while on the 23d of August, twenty-seven persons died. Nearly one-quarter of the whole mortality was of children under one, while nearly one-fifth in addition did not live beyond the fifth year. The mortality between the ages of ten and fifteen was the smallest—a little over one and a half per cent. Three hundred and nine children died last year before they had reached the age of one month.—*Transcript*.

An old gentleman, a resident of Illinois, one hundred and ten years of age, has recently walked all the way from his western home to the eastern part of Long Island, in search of credentials to establish his claim to a pension for Revolutionary services. His greatest day's travel was twelve miles. The reason of his walking was that he would not trust himself to the railroad, and refused even to step foot on our city horse-cars.

DR. DUBBIN, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterward, remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone."

JACOB in his dream, saw a ladder reaching up from earth to heaven; certainly there is a Jacob's ladder reaching from earth to heaven. That is more than a dream. Every round in it is either a grace or a duty.

A notice of a recent Steamboat explosion ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for 15,000 beside the cook, who was loaded with—hoops."

A GERMAN prince in a dream saw three rats, one fat, another lean, and a third blind. He sent for a learned Bohemian gipsy to interpret the dream. "The fat rat," she answered, "is your prime minister, the lean rat is your people, and the blind rat is yourself."

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